

POET'S CORNER.

FOR THE MARYLAND GAZETTE.

AN EPISTLE

From Osmyn, the Minstrel, on board the U S Brig Argus, at Annapolis, to Agnes, his friend, in New-York.

SWEET friend of my soul, ever present & near
To warm & illumine my heart's little sphere,
To govern my steps while I wearily roam,
The world that is odious—far, far from my home;

The star that benignly diffuses its rays,
O'er the path of a pilgrim who's sad on his way;

Enlivening with smiles ever cheerfully kind,
The devious course he is destin'd to wind—
The magical magnet that mildly will guide,
Tho' oceans should sever and regions divide,
His dreary sojournings, and keep him secure
In honour's bright circle, whence vice shall not lure—

I hail you, dear nymph, in this hallowed hour,
When reflection is ripen'd by calm into flower;
And I trace back the time to those tranquil-
liz'd days,

That witness'd me blest where the North River strays;

And that harvestful season of happiness view,
When I light'd for no pleasure I found not in you;

When in rambles delightfully dear to the heart,
Whose only regret was, that soon we must part,

The cares of a mind never known to rejoice—
But when touch'd with the tones of a tender maid's voice,

As the waves that are lull'd on the distant deep,
Were hush'd, by the sweetell of soothing, to sleep.

By the breathings of friendship, impassion'd and true;

By the dearest of converse my ear ever knew;
By a look that rewarded my effort to please;
By something more kind and endearing than these—

A something which language can never express,
By a manner and smile that supremely could bless—

Good Heaven! how meltingly blissful the tone
Of each pulse, when I've thought it was wholly my own;

That this exquisite smile of the heart I receiv'd,
This effusion of soul, for 'twas such I believ'd—
Had on none but the sad weary wanderer throne,
On the Minstrel of sorrow was lavish'd alone;

That altho' in the season when jocund & gay,
And the frolicsome feelings of mirth were in play;

When the poisonous praise of the artful was dear,
'Ere the truth of pure friendship had chasten'd your ear,

The tongue of the tattler, which pleases awhile,
May have dazzled your fancy, have purchas'd your smile
Which, perhaps, had oft flatter'd the flippant and free,
Whose praises were hollow as falsehood could be—

Yet it was not the smile which affection be-
flows
On the bosom where tenderness timidly glows;
Which fondness, which feeling and fervency fills,

Which your beauty inspires and your image intrills.

Oh, I would not, sweet innocent Agnes, forego
The thrilling of transport, the ravishing flow
Of raptures that rise from reflection so sweet,
For all in the world I hereafter may meet—

All, all I resign for a hope such as this,
Which, if false, if fallacious, is fertile in bliss.
Then never, O innocent Agnes, destroy,
The magical charm of such mentaliz'd joy—

Ah, if 'tis delusion, still let it beguile,
Still let me believe mine alone is that smile,
Mine alone is the look & the manner you wear,
When we meet at the door, and you welcome me there.

In those roving's at noon, and those rambles at night,
How pure were my wishes, how dear my delight!

It was joy too overwhelming, too wild to conceal,
Yet 'twas bliss too extatic for words to reveal.

Oh! ne'er could the cold & uneloquent tongue,
Describe the sensations that round me then clung,
In those moments devoted to friendship's dear rite,

When your eye was the planet that blest me with light,
And guid'd my fancy where beauty did win,
And told me the dear little secrets within—
No, the language of look was scarce equal to tell,

All then that enraptur'd my heart's little cell;
In that time so delicious to mind and to soul,
When alone on the banks of the river we stode,
Indulging in converse, which while it refin'd,
Ennobled the thought, & enlighten'd the mind.

Oh! I would not, by Heaven, a moment ex-
change,
Those tingled emotions, so novel & strange,
For all which the ignoble worldling enjoys,
Engag'd in the riotous revel that cloy's,

The indolent pleasure, the mutable mirth,
Which ne'er to a thrill of refinement gave birth.

'Tis communion of mind that alone can impart
The rational rapture that ranges a heart,
Where sentiment glows, and where purity's beam
Enriches felicity's crystalline stream,
Which steals with a witchery, thrilling along,
Like the silvery flow of some soul-breathing song;
Or the soft sighing murmur that melts on the ear,
In the slumber of night, from some resonant sphere.

In boyhood's young morning, when thoughtless and gay,
And fancy look'd forward to manhood's ripe day,
Creating for pastimes a thousand wild schemes,
Which rose like the sweet visitations of dreams!

When the world's wily maze was attractively fair,
And I had not a wish that was not centrd there;
When I rovd thro' each path way presented to view,
Charm'd alone with the scene that was shifting & new;

In love with the flowret most dazzlingly bright,
Not thinking the fairest was soonest to blight;
A blossom that blush'd in a rural retreat,
In a shade unprophand by the flatterer's feet,

A nursing of nature, in beauty's array,
As spotless and pure as the moon's silver ray,
Enchanting my heart and enamour'd my eye—
Oh, 'twas the first rose that e'er awaken'd my sight!

It fix'd all my wishes, so wayward and wild,
It won me from errors that fondly begu'd;
From follies that often entic'd me to tread,
Alone, where the lures of pleasure new shed,
Forgetful that virtue must ever illumine

The heaven where hope, & where happiness bloom;
Bewitchingly such, as my song shall disclose,
Embellish'd with nothing but truth as it flows,
Was the flowret, enrich'd with the loveliest dye

That ever delighted a fond poet's eye;
'Twas a precious exotic, too matchless for earth,
And I often thought Heaven the place of its birth,
That perhaps it had been some angel or saint,
Whose devotions and prayers were feeble & faint,

And had, for probation, been sent from above,
Transform'd to the eloquent emblem of love;
I wou'd it, and won it, and nurs'd it with care,
And fancied from fondness it flourish'd more fair;

The h-mage I lavish'd, but render'd it dear,
Like a mirror it shew'd me its sweetness more near,
Added chains of new strength to the fetters of love,
And to ties ready woven fresh ligaments wove.

But fate that is hostile to every dear tie,
That twine with our natures and closely ally;
Who witness'd, with envy, how fondly entwined
Were the links of affection with heart, & with mind,

From the wantonest whim that ever could be,
Rent the rivets that wedded the blossom and me,
And gave the sweet rose to the cold icy breast
Of foical age, amid snows to be prest.

Oh! think what a loss to one doatingly fond,
Who priz'd the fair flower, and esteem'd it beyond
The world's worshipp'd wealth, its splendour, and power!

But words cannot tell how I lov'd the sweet flower,
Nor express what I felt when 'twas torn by a foe
From the bosom that valued & cherish'd it so,
To wither, to fade, and untimely decay,

And wait all its luminous lustres away;
When I saw it with inward repinings consume,
Divested of beauty, bereav'd of its bloom,

I sickn'd at heart, and I with'd myself dead,
And I fled from the world, as my happiness fled;
To smart with its wrongs when its joys were forgot,
To pass all my days in lamenting my lot—

But like spring, that recovers its freshness & bloom,
The soul which in sorrow repines will relume;
And content will return to its home in the breast,
And the heart with a second affection be blest,

And man again be what he sweetly has been,
All fondness, all peace, and all rapture within;
Yes, such is our nature, so ductile and mild,
That our griefs may be chas'd, & our troubles be-
guil'd;

And the lifings of friendship, when tender & true,
May the heart that is flagging enliven anew;
May the spirit weigh'd down, & the bosom depress'd,
Release from the cares and the woes that molest.

All this I've experienced, have blissfully known,
When we wander'd those moonshiny evenings alone,
Undisturb'd by the eye of the petulant prude,
By the folly of foppings, disgusting and rude;

By the whim, & the caprice of fashion & form,
Which fester the tongue when the feelings are warm;
Which chill the warm glowings of passion & soul,
When virtue's monitors alone should control.

Oh! blest be those evenings by innocence crown'd!
As dear was the converse that brighten'd their round!

May they often return with their luminous ray,
To guide my fond feet in their favourite way,
To the mansion of beauty, where friendship shall stand

At the door's blessed threshold, & give me her hand,
And welcome my presence with greetings as sweet,
As those a fond sister a brother would greet;

And tell me in sighs, that in tenderness steal,
All in absence her heart has been deslin'd to feel,
And ask me with look I shall never forget,
If in absence I'm fated to feel such regret.

Tho' far, far away, from the land that I prize,
That was hallow'd, dear girl, by your infantine sighs,

When the babe's artless prattle, beguilingly dear,
First warbled its spell on a fond father's ear,
And thrill'd with a transport till then never known,
When you hung on his neck and he call'd you his own;

Tho' tangling thro' climes that are cheerless & drear,
(For Eden would be so if you were not near.)
Yet hope, the sweet nymph, in these regions doth dwell—

Here too, her kind voice, hath its magical spell,
When in whispers she's heard my repinings to chide,
And to tell me, tho' mountains & vallies divide,
That long 'ere the summer's enchantment shall fade

From the banks of the streamlet, in happiness stray'd,
Or the beauty of spring shall have fled, I will rove
With the friend of my heart, in the clime that I love.

Yes, yes, altho' far, very far from the shore,
Where the tremulous waves of the North River pour,
Like its current that journeys awhile to the main,
Then impatiently flows to its margin again.

So the languishing bard, like the murmuring tide,
Will hasten to wander its marginal side.
With the maid whose endearments will more than repay

The cares he's compell'd to contend with away;
The troubles and toils 'tis bravin'd him to brave,
While his bark beats the billow, and buoys the wave.

'Ere again it shall rest, in the harbour of calm,
Undisturb'd by the blast—undisturb'd by the storm—

Where sleep the smooth waters, with aspect as fair

As though the rude tempest was never known there;

Where nature's first blooms by the poet are seen

To blush more bewitching, & look more serene;
And the herbage imbued with the crystalline tears

Of mellowing morning, far fairer appears,
Its fragrance much richer, much sweeter its dews,

And its sigh more ambrosial the air-spirit wags;
Where the magic most dear is the charm which a friend,

Who is faithful and fond, to a desert might lend;

Where, unclouded, the sun of contentment shall shine,
And the heart of the Minstrel no longer re-
pine,

But blossom with joys of as brilliant a hue,
As any he ever in extacy knew,
In the radiant round of those heav'nly hush'd hours,

When his pathway was strew'd with the love-
liest flow'rs,

And gaiety, pleasure, and happiness shed
Their blended enchantments o'er time as they led,

And gild'd its laple as it glided away,
Like the halcyon dove we would have with us stay,

Which hastily journeys the circle of spring,
Breathing love as its song—shedding peace from its wing.

Then engag'd in some ramble, romantic at night,
While the brow of creation is tranquil and bright,

Blest again with the tones of her voice, he will seem—
Indulging the exquisite trance of a dream—
And be made by her smile of affection, as then,

By far the most holy and happy of men.

In Council,

April 7, 1810.

ORDERED, That the bill, entitled, An act respecting the equity jurisdiction of the county courts, be published once in each week, for the space of six weeks, in the Maryland Gazette and Maryland Republican at Annapolis, and the Star at Easton.

By order,

NINIAN PINKNEY, clk.

An additional Supplement to the act, entitled, An act respecting the equity jurisdiction of the county courts.

BE it enacted, by the General Assembly of Maryland, That the several county courts of this state may exercise concurrent jurisdiction in all cases in the same manner that they now exercise jurisdiction by virtue of the act to which this is a supplement.

And be it enacted, That each of the judges of the several districts of this state, during vacation, shall have full power and authority to exercise, in their judicial districts, all the powers which the chancellor of this state can or may exercise.

And be it enacted, That it shall be the duty of one of the associate judges of the several judicial districts of this state to attend at the court-house of the several counties in their judicial district, at some day between the several sessions of their court, who shall have power to make all necessary orders touching any subject matter in the said respective courts, upon the equity side, brought or depending therein, and it shall be the duty of the several clerks of the several counties in this state to attend the said judge on the said days, who shall make due entry of all such matters and things as shall or may be ordered as aforesaid by the said judge; and the several county courts in this state are hereby instructed, at their first court next after the passage of this act, to appoint the several days on which the said judge shall attend as aforesaid.

And be it enacted, That the county courts shall have full power and authority to appoint an auditor to the said court.

And be it enacted, That all and every person or persons who shall or may think themselves to be aggrieved by the decree of any county court, in any case of which such county court may have an equity jurisdiction by virtue of this act, shall be at liberty, in all cases to appeal to the court of appeals of the respective shire, and in the same manner, and under the same circumstances, and such appeals shall have the same legal effect and consequences as appeals prosecuted from the court of chancery to the court of appeals.

And be it enacted, That the clerks of the several county courts in this state shall act as registers for their said counties, in the same manner as the registers in chancery now does.

To Seine-haulers and others.

THIS is to give notice to all persons, either Seine-hauling or otherwise tref, passing upon my plantations, (Horn Point and Talley's,) that they will certainly be prosecuted.

H. M. OGLE.

Annapolis, Feb. 27, 1810.

The STATE of MARYLAND.

In Council.

TO ALL WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.

MR. C. S. CONIG having produced to the Board an Exequatur, signed by the President of the United States, and sealed with the seal of the said States, recognizing him as Vice-Consul from his Majesty the King of Sweden for the state of Maryland, to reside in or near the city of Baltimore—ORDERED, That the said recognition be published for the information and government of the people of this state.

GIVEN in Council, at the city of Annapolis, under the seal of the state of Maryland, this seventh day of April, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and ten, and of the Independence of the United States of America the thirty-fourth.

EDWD: LLOYD.

By the Governor.

NINIAN PINKNEY,

Clerk of the Council.

JAMES MADISON,

President of the United States of America.

TO ALL WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.

C. S. CONIG, Esquire, having produced to me his commission as Vice-Consul of the Swedish Majesty for the state of Maryland, to reside in or near the city of Baltimore, I do hereby recognize him as such, and declare him free to exercise such functions, powers and privileges, as are allowed within the United States to the Vice-Consuls of friendly powers, between whom and the United States there is no agreement for the regulation of the Consular functions.

In testimony whereof I have caused these letters to be made patent, and the said the United States to be hereunto set forth under my hand at the city of Washington, the third day of April, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and ten, and of the Independence of the United States of America the thirty-fourth.

JAMES MADISON.

By the President.

R. SMITH, Secretary of State.

ORDERED, That the foregoing be published twice in each week, for the space of six weeks, successively, in the Maryland Gazette and Maryland Republican at Annapolis, the Whig and Federal Gazette at Baltimore, and the Star at Easton.

By order, NINIAN PINKNEY.

The Subscriber,

HAVING received from David Hanlon, an assignment of his books, previous to his partnership with Thomas Karney, and at the same time, having also received of Hanlon & Karney, an assignment of their books, hereby notifies all persons indebted as above, to make payment to him immediately, as indulgence cannot be given.

BARNEY CURRAN.

N. B. Should those indebted neglect this call, the books will be put in the hands of a proper person to enforce payment. B. C. Annapolis, May 9, 1810.

Pottery.

THE subscribers respectfully inform their friends, and the public in general, that they have now on hands at their manufactory, about 200 yards over Gay-street, or Griffiths bridge, a large and general assortment of EARTHEN WARE, of the first quality, highly glazed, and nicely polished, among which are, 400 dozen milk pans, also Mould ware, & square dishes, nice for baking in, all of which will be sold at the established prices. Any orders left with either of the Messrs. BARBERS, Annapolis, or N. S. JONES, No. 12, Bowley's wharf, will be thankfully received and carefully attended to.

JOHN KECHLINE, & Co.

Baltimore, April 19, 1810.

Notice.

DOCTOR SHAAFF is constrained to make a serious call on all those who are indebted to him for payment of their accounts, which are placed in the hands of Mr. Robert Welch, of Ben, for collection, with authority, in cases where it may be necessary, to enforce payment. Annapolis, February 20, 1810.

JUST PUBLISHED.

AND FOR SALE AT THIS OFFICE

AN APPENDIX

TO A RELIGIOUS COLLOQUY.

ANNAPOLIS:

PRINTED BY

FREDERICK & SAMUEL GREEN

Price—Two Dollars per Annum.